Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 24 MONTREAL, JUNE 14, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

A Vision of His Coming

(By Miss Eliza Strang Baird, in the New York 'Observer.')

On a clear morning in early summer I rose before dawn, awakened perhaps by an overwhelming consciousness which seemed to pervade my whole being, that some tremendous and unusual occurrence was about to take place.

Meadow and forest lay silent in the dim purple light, but the sweetly-scented air was full of bird songs, while just above the eastern horizon, the morning star sparkled with a splendor, more dazzling, I thought, than I had ever before noticed. A faint, rosy gleam was beginning to illumine the whole sky, and the world seemed waking into an unaccustomed gladness and beauty.

'Perhaps it will be on some such perfect morning as this,' I said to myself, 'that the Lord may choose to visit again his waiting earth, as he has certainly promised to do.' Even as I spoke the words, a responsive thrill seemed to pass through all nature. The musical notes of robins and thrushes spoke the words: 'He is coming!' and the silver ripple of the streams gave back the reply: 'To-day.' The fresh breezes of morning caught up that message and bore it like heralds everywhere:—'Coming! Coming! Coming.'

Meanwhile, the sun's golden disc had begun to display itself in cloudless effulgence, and I beheld from my window that multitudes of people were assembling on the streets, and in the open fields of the town. All the village was soon astir, not with the bustle of every-day life, but as if thrilled with a tremor of expectation and suspense. I could see whole familes gathering in groups outside their dwellings, parents and children together.

Yet there was no display of fear or agitation. Every face wore an expression of calm but intense happiness. Occasionally one would speak in a low tone to another those strange momentous tidings:

'He will come to-day!'

The solid earth seemd to quiver and pulsate with a sensation of amazed, and yet joyful, anticipation, as if she awaited the most stupendous as well as the most blissful event in her whole history. And still in the streets the throngs of people were continuing to grow until it appeared evident that the overwhelming information had communicated itself from town to town, and from city to city, with a rapidity greater than that which could have been attained by electric communication.

This, indeed, must have been the result of some widely diffused prescience, which influenced all minds and all conditions alike. As far as my eyes could reach, I seemed to see in the ever brightening daylight, crowds of people standing silent, waiting without terror, and, in fact, with every appearance of a keen and delighted interest. Then, as I listened and gazed with increasing wonder, and a kind of fascinated awe, afar off in the midst of that attentive multitude, a single clear young voice began to sing the melody from Handel's 'Messiah':—

'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'

Others caught up the air and echoed it from group to group, until like one grand chorus, the words were ringing over earth and ocean:

'And that He shall appear!'

Nothing can render a just conception of the transporting effect of that vast harmony, as it grew and deepened in extent, spreading its reverberating waves of sound in unbounded circles, until I realized that hamlet, and village, and city, were united in the joyous symphony, which was, in very truth, earth's last and most majestic anthem before the music of Heaven began.

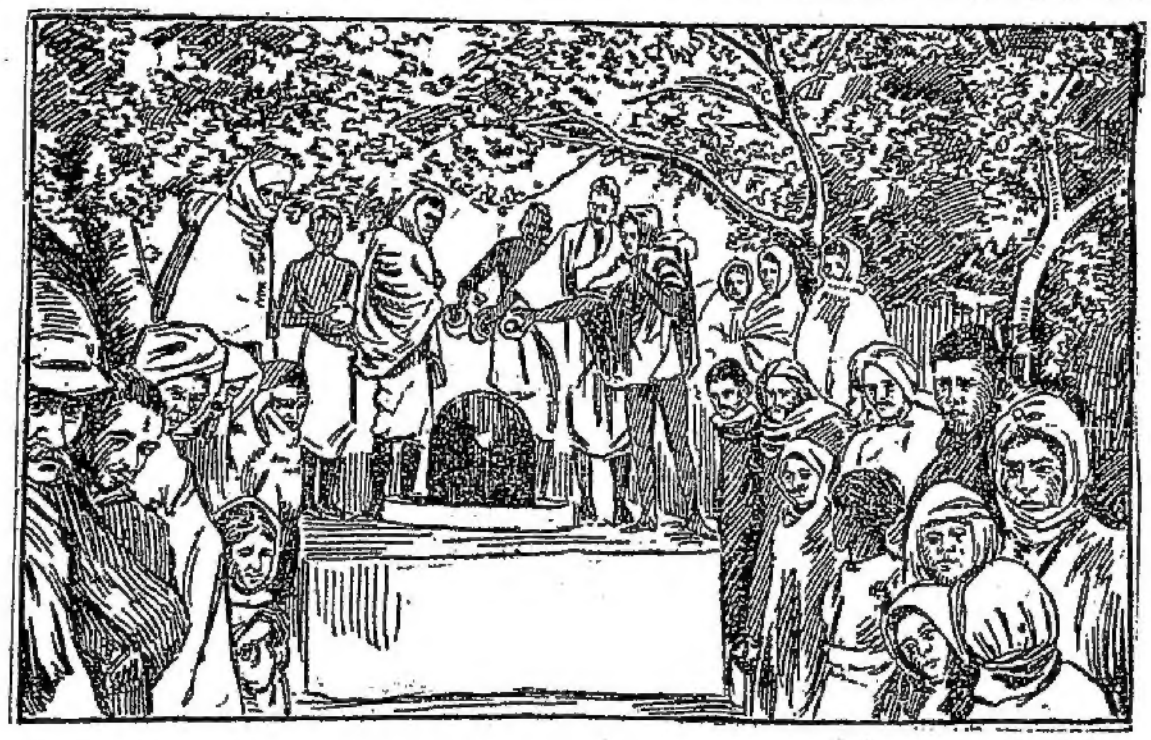
And, now, there came to pass a wondrous and indescribable spectacle, for, as the music swelled louder, a mysterious and brilliant light began to diffuse itself over the whole sky. More vivid and more intense it grew, till it stretched from zenith to horizon, and until its lustre far exceeded that of the rising sun. Suddenly it came, as the lightning that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, and shineth unto the other part under heaven. No portion of earth or water or sky was without its share of this new illumination, which had never been on land or sea before. It touched with a strange, undreamt of splendor and sublimity all the dull, familiar scenes and places, it fell upon the commonest and homeliest human countenances, and gifted them with a nobility and dignity.

Yet into the ineffable depths of its radiance one might gaze steadily and with a calm ecstasy, but with no sensation of bewilderment or stupefaction. At length, just as that rapturous unison of passionate voices sent worth the soul-stirring words: 'For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, incorruptible, and we shall be changed,' there rang out with unforeseen abruptness from the central focus of that celestial light, one piercing blast, as if all the heavenly trumpeters were sounding in conjunction.

Never have I heard anything that resembled those tones, at once so commanding, so compelling, and yet so exquisitely melodious. And immediately they seemed to produce some subtle transformation, which was felt but could not be adequately described. The air was now pervaded by a music of unutterable beauty, and I was conscious that the depths of that matchless glory were full of blissful, transfigured faces—of bright robes and shining, triumphant figures. Yet we, mortals, who watched from below were scarcely able to concern ourselves greatly with these miraculous sounds and sights. For, lo, at the very heart of all that splendid refulgence, there appeared to us plainly the vision of a face, which we had long been desirous of viewing. A face it was which shone with fervent love, with tenderness indescribable, and with exultant rapture. Then one redeemed soul queried of another:

'Do you see him?' and the answer came: 'I see naught else.' He had come at last, the returning Saviour to rule over his ransomed people and his rescued earth. He had come to finish the work of raising fallen sinners forever to his own glory. For this joy had the Cross been endured and the shame despised.

The word of the Scripture had at length been verified: 'We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught



SHIV RATRI MELA, SEWANAR. BRAHMANS POURING WATER ON JATESHWAR NATH.

The picture shows the Brahmans in the act of pouring water on Jateshwar Nath. This idol was brought from Benares by one of the Brahmans of the place, and is said to be about a hundred years old.—'Missionary Herald.'

up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

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This was my vision, and so amazing and beatific did it appear to me, that a return to the earth where he had not yet come in all his inexpressible beauty, seemed at first a sorrowful and an undesirable necessity. But I say to myself now, he may indeed come some morning not far distant when we least expect him. The tidings that he is near at hand may at any moment flash across our waiting hearts, and if a vision of that great event be so full of ecstasy and delight, what will the real occurrence bring with it to souls who abide in the sure trust 'that he shall appear.'

Boy Life in Egypt

'Do you see those men? Don't they look queer!' was the exclamation of the passengers as our steamer moved up to the wharf at Alexandria, and we looked down upon hundreds of men and boys, dressed in black, blue, or white gowns.

It is, indeed, a novel sight to an Englishman, when first arriving in Egypt, to see men wearing gowns which sometimes touch the ground, red or yellow slippers on their feet, and red caps, green, yellow, or white turbans, or perhaps an old shawl wound round the head, and falling down upon the shoulders.

The boys are just as picturesque as the grown people, and we soon began to look with great interest at the little fellows, as we saw them in the street, in church, and at school. They are darker than English boys, and in the northern part of Egypt they have light brown skin, black hair, thick lips, black or brown eyes, straight eyebrows, and very regular white teeth. In fact, a traveller always notices that, no matter how dirty a boy's clothes may be, his teeth are white and glistening. They also take great care of their finger-nails, and stain them red, which makes a pretty contrast with their brown hands.

Their costumes are different in Cairo and Alexandria from what they are farther south; but in those cities boys under twelve years of age wear a white cotton shirt and drawers, and over them a long sack with flowing sleeves. This garment is made of either colored calico or white or blue muslin, and is sometimes belted at the waist with a cord or sash; but generally it hangs loosely from the shoulders, and is open at the throat.

Many of the small boys wear white cotton caps embroidered with needlework, others wear white muslin wound round the head. But the larger boys wear a red felt cap, with a long black tassel, which they call a fez. The older boys dress more gaily, and wear beautiful red or black sleeveless jackets, embroidered in gold or silver, over the white cotton gown, which is belted at the waist by a bright silk sash. Others wear very loose baggy trousers, made of blue or crimson woollen cloth, with a jacket of the same, handsomely braided, which makes a very becoming costume.

The boys are taught, when very young, to be very polite, and to make many bows, which are called 'salaams,' and they are very courteous when they meet grown people. We shall always remember with pleasure a dear little six-year-old boy who came into the room where we were visiting, and, though his dress was only a homely calico sack, his manners were most charming. There were eight ladies in the room, but he was not at all embarrassed. He walked up to one of them, took her right hand in his right hand, kissed it, and then raised it to his forehead. Then he moved on to the next lady, and greeted her in the same way, and then to the next one, until he had taken us all by the hand, when he seated himself cross-legged on the floor, and listened to the conversation.

When a boy goes to bed at night, he does not sleep on a bedstead, but spreads a mat on the floor, and then lies down, and covers himself with a blanket. Sometimes one blanket answers for both bed and coverlet, and then he rolls himself up in it, and goes to sleep without any pillow.

The boys go to school when quite young, but their schoolrooms are a great contrast to those of other countries. We entered one

AN EGYPTIAN YOUTH.

of the colleges through a large courtyard, filled with rubbish and piles of broken stone, on which were lying many of the students asleep in the sun. We worked our way along through this yard until we came to an old building that looked like a church. There was a very large entrance or doorway, but, instead of a door, we found ourselves in front of a very heavy curtain made of rugs. Our guide pushed it aside, and we entered an immense room that was so dark that at first we could not distinguish anything. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that the room was larger than most churches, that the ceiling was supported by stone columns, and that the floor was covered with very thick rugs, on which were seated many groups of men and boys. A keen black-eyed man, with a long black beard, and wearing a thick turban of white muslin, sat in the centre of each group, and sometimes helped the memory of the pupils by the use of a stick, or a blow with his hand.

Some of the boys were bending over metal writing-tablets which they used on their laps; but most of them were swaying backward and forward, and reciting in loud tones verses from the Koran. The language is very difficult, and the masters do not explain it to the boys; but it is one of the laws of their religion that they must know the Koran by heart.

We were pleased to see that the boys looked cheerful in spite of their dull work; and we noticed that they raised their voices and shouted louder than usual when visitors were listening to them. It was interesting to see them in their churches; for they were never disturbed by visitors, and observed all the forms and ceremonies with great care. They are taught to consider their churches as holy ground; and when a boy reaches the door of a mosque—which is his church—he takes off his slippers, leaves them outside, and walks in in his stocking-feet, though occasionally a boy carries his slippers in his hand.

If he is barefooted, he washes his feet at the fountain which is outside of the mosque. There are no pews in the mosque, but the floors have many rugs, and the boys kneel on the rugs, and turn their faces towards Mecca. If the boys go to the mosque during the week, they repeat a certain number of prayers, sometimes counting them on a rosary, and then leave the building, put on their slippers, and run away. But if they go to the Sunday service, they join with hundreds of men, and they repeat the prayers in loud tones; and sometimes they listen to sermons, and reading from the Koran by one of their priests.

They take many postures when at their prayers. Sometimes they pray while standing; then they lie on the floor with their faces in their hands, or touch the floor with their foreheads; or, they sway backwards and forwards, while on their knees, repeating the name of 'Allah,' which means 'God.'

Some of the most amusing boys that one sees in Egypt are what are called the 'donkey boys,' and travellers find them very entertaining. People ride a great deal on donkeys, and a man or boy usually goes along to guide them. Sometimes the boys are little fellows not more than eight years old, and speak very broken English. They are very observant, though, and know whether the traveller is an American or an Englishman, and name their donkeys to suit the passenger.—Mary A. Dana, in 'Silver Link.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE SECOND EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

June 16, Sun.—Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

June 17, Mon.—The Lord knoweth them that are his.

June 18, Tues.—Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

June 19, Wed.—Sanctified, and meet for the Master's use.

June 20, Thur.—Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace.

June 21, Fri.—All scripture is given by inspiration of God.

June 22, Sat.—Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

'Tis to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
This low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.
—Alice Cary.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Left Behind in the Mountains

(By Henry Elliot Thibadeau, in 'The Youth's Companion.' In Three Parts.)

PART III.

The 'knife' of my bear-trap was something like that of an old-fashioned hay-cutter, such as was worked by a lever. It was designed to behead the grizzly, which could not see the ax-blades, and hence would not be likely to dodge back when I jumped on the lever.

As it chanced my trap was sprung several times by smaller animals, and once by a wolf that escaped by digging its way out beneath one of the bottom logs of the camp. Three nights later I was awakened by a terrible roaring, and at once felt certain that there was a big bear in the pound.

I did not stir forth till daylight, for I had no desire to attempt to guillotine a bear in the dark. Then my conjecture that I had caught a very savage old veteran was fully verified. This bear was at least a third larger than the first one I had trapped.

Something familiar in his ponderous shape and the tint of his coat made me believe it was the same beast that had knocked my cabin door down in August, and I fancied that I could see a scar on his nose where I had cut him with the knife-stick. Unlike the other one, this bear roared and growled almost continuously.

I walked with caution round the trap, gaining such glimpses as I could without approaching too close; for the rage of such a monstrous beast is terrifying. I knew that if he broke out he would kill me with one stroke of his paw, and that it would be impossible to escape by running, for clumsy as these animals appear, they can move more rapidly than a man over open ground.

The margins of the hole which I had cut at the rear end of the camp seemed rubbed and torn, as if the bear's head had been out and in there often during the night. Hoping to see it come forth again, I approached and tried the workings of the lever gently.

'I will soon alter the tone of your roar, old fellow!' I muttered, as I put the lever in position. The beast heard me, and in an instant out popped his ugly head, roaring, frothing and foaming—the incarnation of savage rage.

Collecting all my strength, I jumped on the lever, threw my whole weight on the end of it, and caught the grizzly with the ax-blades just back of his ears.

When he felt those blades, he roared and pulled back. I think he was scared. The whole camp shook; but I jumped the harder, and kept my weight on the lever.

The animal realized that he must exert all his strength. So he set his feet against the logs inside, and gave first a twist and then a mighty upward boost. Then I saw the whole back side of the camp coming out upon me. A span of heavy draft-horses could not have pulled the end away as easily as the bear pushed it out.

I jumped off the lever and ran round the corner, where there was a short log standing up against the wall of the camp. With a spring and a scramble I mounted to the roof—what there was left of it, for the farther end had fallen in. I had hardly reached it when the bear jumped out at the collapsed end of the camp, shaking his head.

I expected that the maddened beast would charge at me, but I do not think he could have seen me, for he ran off a few steps and faced round with a grunt. His neck was bleeding somewhat.

For some moments he stood looking at the camp and puffing. Perhaps if I had stirred he would have charged at me, but he continued shaking his head angrily, as if the cuts pained him, for perhaps half a minute, then suddenly wheeled about and went off at a shambling run.

I felt chagrined at this result. It seemed that I had been much mistaken in crediting myself with skill in trapping grizzlies.

That was the last I saw or heard of the bears that fall. The cold season was at hand, and I suppose they went into winter quarters.

Now I battened my camp thickly with cedar and fir boughs, prepared a great pile of fire-wood by chopping up one of the log camps, and entered upon the winter comfortably. In that great ravine, hedged about

'I STOOD THERE, QUITE DUMFOUNDED.'

with the huge spruces and firs of the evergreen forest, my cabin was well sheltered from storms.

Eight or ten inches of snow soon fell, and the weather became very cold. A species of mink then began to frequent the creek, swimming in the open pools, and I busied myself with efforts to trap them in small 'deadfalls.' Having caught four with much difficulty, I stretched their skins after the manner I had heard trappers describe.

A singular black-and-white creature which made its appearance at about this time, entered the deserted camps across the creek nearly every night for a week. Its tracks were as large as the palm of a man's hand. I repaired the smaller camp in which I had entrapped the bears, and succeeded in catching the animal a little before sunrise one morning.

It immediately began digging furiously beneath the sills, or bottom logs of the camp, and would have escaped in a short time if I had not struck it senseless with a club when it thrust out its head. It was a wolverene, I have been told, and it weighed perhaps thirty-five pounds.

I saw the tracks of many martens in the timber on the sides of the mountain to the south of the ravine, and caught two in deadfalls similar to those which I set for mink.

Elk ran past occasionally, and panthers' tracks were numerous. I also heard wolves howling at night, and one day I saw six of them coursing at speed down the ravine—ugly, gaunt, gray brutes that looked dangerous.

Before the middle of the month of January no more than a foot of snow fell. One could move about without much difficulty, and with the interest of trapping I had passed the time unoppressed by the solitude. But now came a prodigious snowfall of more than four feet during forty-eight hours.

The sun then broke forth and shone warmly for half a day, but the sky soon darkened again; and during the following night and day about two feet more of snow fell. Then I had a clear day, followed by two more days of snow. It was light, and came above the eaves of my camp on all sides. To move abroad was impossible, and it cost me two hours of hard work to shovel a road to my wood-pile. As I had never before seen such a snowfall, I was somewhat alarmed.

Indeed, there was good cause for alarm. While trying to cook my breakfast in the darkened cabin, I heard from a distance a noise which I at first mistook for that of a train on the railroad, but on reflection I felt sure that no train could be in motion that morning. The noise continued for a few moments before I reflected that it must be the sound of an avalanche.

Not long afterwards I heard another such roar, and during the day a great many. All were distant, some so far off among the mountains that they sounded like faint thunder.

The weather continued dark and cloudy, but grew much warmer. I had been asleep one night for several hours, when I was roused suddenly by a rumbling noise. Instantly I sprang to my feet and ran to the door of my cabin. The noise grew constantly louder.

When I pulled open the door the dark clouds were breaking away, and the moon shone out in the vast white mountain side opposite. That whole mountain side seemed to be in confused motion—gliding, twisting, rushing down!

A vast spray of snow flew up from it. Mingled with this white snow-surf were black objects, rocks and the trunks and broken tops of trees, whirling out for an instant amidst the snow. The noise was like one continuous, jarring thunder-peal close at hand, and I felt the very earth tremble as the vast, writhing mass rushed to the foot of the mountain.

It did not stop there. I saw what seemed to be an enormous tossing drift heave up into view nearer at hand. It seemed to cross the intervening space and come to my cabin in one second, rustling, crackling, hurling itself over my wood-pile and paths, gushing in at the door, and half-filling my cabin with mingled snow and broken boughs.

The awful jar started another avalanche from the mountain on the other side of the ravine, a few hundred yards farther to the west. This one I heard but could not see.

The snow and brush from the avalanche were difficult to clear away, and I was occupied for two days cutting a passage through it to my wood-pile. Rain came, then the weather turned colder, and the snow from the avalanche froze hard enough to bear my

weight. Then I discovered that the last slide had blocked the creek-bed a little way above my cabin to a depth of sixty or seventy feet.

Toward evening, hearing loud snarls in that quarter, I climbed over the mass of broken trees and hard, lumpy snow, and saw four wolves, snapping and fighting over some half-buried object. Watching them a little way off, a mountain-lion lay crouched on an uptilted tree-trunk.

Taking my ax, and swinging round my head a long brand from my fireplace, I drove the wolves away. The panther also made off up the ravine. Then I saw that the wolves had been attempting to drag out a dead animal nearly as large as a deer, with a white coat of long hair and upright black horns. I suppose it was a mountain-goat that had come down the mountains in the avalanche. Cutting about it with my ax, I pulled it out of the frozen snow. As the flesh, although frozen, appeared to be in good condition, I carried about sixty pounds of it to my camp.

Going up to the place on the following day to see if the wolves had returned to devour the carcass, I heard a singular sound from the hard lumpy snow under my feet. It was not unlike the bleat of a sheep.

Again I brought my shovel and ax into use. After digging to a depth of seven or eight feet, I opened a kind of irregular cavity, formed by broken trees and brush. In this there was a young goat, evidently a kid of the previous spring.

The poor little creature had been roughly handled by the snowslide. One of its fore legs was broken, and it had received several wounds and bruises. To appease its hunger, it had gnawed deep into two or three pine and fir logs.

When I first opened the cavity to the sunlight, the poor kid seemed bewildered, or blinded; and so weak had it become that it offered little resistance when I drew it up from the hole. Its situation there was what my own would probably have been had the slide come off the mountain a few hundred feet farther down the ravine.

I carried the forlorn little beast to my camp, set the bone of its leg with splints, dosed it, built a warm pen for it inside the camp, and brought for fodder bunches of the smallest, juiciest twigs and brush that I could find. Such a pet must needs have a name, and I named my little goat 'Rastus.'

In the course of a fortnight he began to hobble about. The mended fore leg proved shorter than the other, and somewhat crooked. Still 'Rastus' found it better than no leg, and he never complained of it, to my knowledge.

I was well repaid by his company for my trouble and labor in foraging for him. Perhaps I attributed greater intelligence to him than he possessed,—people constantly do that in the case of pets,—but I really think that 'Rastus' understood the condition of affairs at our camp. He became wholly tame as regarded my presence, and ran out and in as he pleased.

It was a great comfort to me to hear him chewing his cud at night, after I had gone to bed. His habit was to lie down close to my bunk, for he was an arrant coward. Perhaps he scented mountain-lions; at any rate, he would not set foot outside the camp after dusk fell.

The spring gradually drew on. I had lost count of the days and weeks, but toward the end of March a great thaw set in. The snow settled and melted rapidly. Rain fell for a day and a night, so heavily that I became uneasy about the blocked-up condition of the creek above my camp, where the snowslide had come into the ravine.

As soon as it was light the next morning I went up there to look at it, and I went none too soon. For I saw an immense accumulation of water, yellow with floating snow and ice, dammed up and on the very point of overflowing and guttering its way through the snowslide.

I ran back to my camp in haste, gathered up my peltries, old coats and some other articles, and carried them across the log bridge of the creek and a considerable distance up the other side of the mountain.

Although I was gone for but ten or fifteen minutes, I found so much water rushing under and even over the bridge when I returned that I dared not cross to the camp again. Even while I stood looking at it in dismay, the whole pent-up flood broke loose

'I CARRIED THE FORLORN LITTLE BEAST TO MY CAMP.'

with an awful roar, and went rushing down the ravine.

It was only by running back to the higher ground that I escaped drowning. My camp, with everything in and about it,—including poor 'Rastus,—was overwhelmed and swept away in a moment.

While I stood there, quite dumfounded by the catastrophe, I heard the distant whistle of a passing train. Previously the train whistles had awakened no desire in me to go forth into the world, but this one came to my ear like a summons to join in the affairs of men once more. I determined to be a hermit no longer.

Taking my furs, I ascended to the railway track, and walked on it for six miles to Summit Station. From this point the hands of a freight train going west good-naturedly took me with them to Vancouver. They jocosely christened me 'the old man of the mountains'—and, indeed, I had become a very odd, Rip Van Winkle sort of a person, with hair hanging thickly about my shoulders.

At Vancouver I sold my furs for enough to pay a barber, purchase a modest outfit of clothing, and buy a meal ticket at a boarding-house. That was many years ago; and there have been times since, when the battle of life was going against me, that made me wish myself back in the sylvan peace and quiet of my old log camp in the great ravine of the Illicilliwaet.

(The End.)

'Very Earnest Binks.'

('The Presbyterian.')

'I'm the strongest of all the fellows in our form.' So Harry announced, as he stood before the fire, with his hands in his pockets, his feet planted firmly on the rug, and his head held back as though defying anyone to contradict his remark. He had arrived home for the holidays that afternoon—a person of some importance in the eyes of his admiring sisters and two younger brothers, who surveyed his added inches with much envy. As the little circle looked at the sturdy form before them, so conscious of its own power, they felt that the big brother, whose home-coming always meant a jolly time, was a brother of whom they might be proud; whose like was not to be found in the wide world.

'Do the other boys think so?' asked Ella, though nothing doubting.

'I should think so—rather,' replied Harry. 'I've had a tussle with all of them, except one, during the term, and have beaten them. There isn't one who dare fight me, or give any cheek, either.'

'Oh! Harry, I don't think you should fight, should you?' put in Ella, gently reproachful.

'Was the other one a very big boy?' asked Teddie, without giving time for a reply to Ella's question.

Harry laughed as he answered Teddie:

'No; he's not big. But he's a good little chap is Binks—the sort you'd never dream of fighting. His name is Ernest Binks.—"Very Ernest Binks," most of the fellows call him.'

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of their mother, who held a small packet in her hand.

'I have been unpacking your box and going through your belongings to see what you would require for next term; and I have, I am sorry to say, found this packet of cigarettes. I thought you knew, Harry, that your father and I were anxious that our boy should not acquire the habit of smoking in his school days.'

Harry flushed uneasily as he met his mother's serious, almost sorrowful, gaze.

'Now, don't trouble yourself, mother. I'm not learning to smoke. I have those to give to the other fellows. You see they all smoke, and if I didn't I should have a miserable time of it with them. So I just light one and take a puff or two and hand some round, and they are quite satisfied. They don't see that I am not using my own. I don't want to smoke, but if I did not do something like that they would say I was a coward and afraid of the masters; because, of course, it is against the rules.'

'Do all the boys smoke cigarettes?' asked his mother.

'All the boys in my form do, except Binks; and they give him a pretty time of it, I can tell you. I should not like to be in his shoes. But he doesn't seem to mind it much. He gets very little fun, though, for he's left to himself, except when they are teasing him. He's the only one of our fellows who goes to Carter's prayer meeting. That's one of the tutors, who has started a

meeting for prayer in his own room. Some of the bigger men go, but Binks must feel kind of lonely amongst them. There were some verses written about him at the beginning of the term—by one of our form, too—

Quite a mediaeval saint
Is Ernest Binks;
And of naughtiness, there ain't
A bit in Binks,
By his sanctimonious ways,
Folded hands and upward gaze,
Speech bestrewn with pious phrase,
You'll know our Binks.

That was the style of the thing. I've forgotten the rest just now. But you see how it would be, mother. I should just have a wretched life of it if I refused to have anything to do with smoking. However, it's only a blind for the other fellows; and you need have no fear about me. I don't care a fig for it myself.'

'Is Ernest Binks really like that? Does he fold his hands and look up all the time?' asked Ella, curiously.

'No,' replied Harry, smiling; 'it's exaggeration, of course. It's poetic fancy. You have to give a poet some license, you know.'

'And what do you do when the boys are teasing Binks?' asked Harry's mother.

'I don't do anything. I wouldn't tease him. He's a quiet, inoffensive little chap.'

'I see,' she said. 'Like Saul of Tarsus, you are just "consenting unto his death"?'

Harry did not quite catch her meaning. And little Teddie now chimed in: 'Mother, Harry is the strongest boy in his form,' he said, excitedly; and look how big he is!'

She smiled as she looked at her eldest son, who certainly promised well for a vigorous manhood.

'I am not so sure of that,' she said, at length. 'It seems to me that Binks possesses an unusual amount of strength, which far surpasses that of Harry. I am very glad, and thankful, too, that Harry has such good health, and such a strong constitution. It is a great help in the battle of life, and makes it ever so much easier to live a strong life. But there is another kind of strength which can live out a certain line of conduct, no matter how much opposition and suffering it may entail. It seems to me this boy Binks has this kind of strength. He can stand alone amid the jeers and ridicule of his fellows, and live out that which he believes to be right.'

Harry was silent. That his mother should think poor Binks stronger than her own son? It seemed to be quite true, too; that was the worst of it. He began to see that little Binks, whom the boys so looked down upon, had, after all, a good deal of grit in him somewhere. Harry's ambition was to be strong, and it was not a pleasant revelation to him to find that he was lacking in any kind of strength.

It did not lessen Harry's uncomfortable state of mind that the minister should preach on Sunday from the text: 'Be strong and of a good courage.' He discoursed largely upon the strength by which a man would carry out fearlessly that which his conscience dictated.

As the holidays drew to a close he began to shrink from the ordeal that he knew would await him on his return to school; for he had determined to be strong—strong all round—at any cost. He would have no weakness in his life. He would be strong—strong and of a good courage." There were tears in his mother's eyes long after his departure, as she recalled the frank, boyish whisper, 'I shall be strong this term, mother.' And many were the prayers that ascended for her boy to that source of all true strength—the Almighty God, the Lord of Hosts, who hears and answers so many mothers' prayers.

Some weeks passed by, and then there came a letter in Harry's schoolboy writing.—

'Dear Mother,—There are no cigarettes in my box now. I've done with that sort of thing. I'm standing by Binks. I turned in with him to Carter's prayer meeting on the first day. I said to Binks, "I'm coming to the meeting with you, old fellow, and I'm going to stand by you this term." He put out his hand, and I took it. But the way he looked up and smiled made a lump come in my throat. Poor chap! He must have felt it worse even last term than I thought. I am making some of the other fellows come, too. I saw some of them privately, and I told them: "If you don't turn in at Carter's meeting to-morrow, I'll settle it with you when I come out." I can see Carter is surprised that so many of our boys are coming in. But it will do them no harm, and they'll have less to say about Binks.'

Harry's mother was pleased to see this change in her boy's life. He was on right lines now, and would probably develop still higher ideals of life.

A few weeks later came another of Harry's epistles—

'Dear Mother,—There's more in prayer-meetings than I thought. Carter's a brick. I've stopped fighting. It seems to me when one has this other kind of strength there's nothing to fight about. You just go on doing what you think right and best, whatever anybody else says or does. Before I came to Carter's prayer meeting I always thought good folk were meek and gentle, but not strong; and I thought that Jesus was meek and mild, and all that sort of thing, but I did not see that he was strong. Oh! but he was. I can see now how strong and manly he was, as he befriended the poor and the sinful, in spite of Jewish prejudices; as he went on teaching that which would help men, though he was hated for it; and as he healed the sick in the presence of those who were plotting to take his life. Alone, he turned all those men out of the Temple; and, alone, he encountered his dreadful foe, Satan. Although his relatives sought to dissuade him from carrying out his purpose in life, and although the people threatened to stone him, yet he went steadily, bravely on, according to his preconceived plan. Alone, he had to face his trial and all the terrible things of those last days. There is nothing to compare with the brave courage and strength of Jesus.

'This is what Carter has told us. And Jesus did not fight. I don't say I won't fight now, in a good cause—in Binks's defence, say—but I never saw before how strong a thing it is to be good. We used to sing a hymn at home: "I want to be like Jesus, meek, loving, lowly, mild."

'Why don't they say more about being strong like Jesus?

'Binks and I are getting on splendid. I'm bringing him with me for a week at the next vacation, if you can make room for him.'

Harry's mother will make room for him in her house, for he has a place in her heart already.

Three Keys.

There are three keys that I want to talk about to-day. And first we will take the longest and largest key of the bunch, the Latch-key. I do not expect that any of you have a latch-key of your very own just yet; but oh! how proud you will be the first day you have one. Fancy being able to come into the house whenever you like, and not to have to knock at the door and wait! Now this key we are going to call the key of Faith. Just as the latch-key lets us into our warm homes from the cold street, so the Faith-key lets us into the Kingdom of heaven from the cruel dark world outside. Don't let us be frightened by the word 'Faith.' Faith only means trust, and we can surely all trust Jesus, feeling quite certain that whatever he tells us to do will be the best thing.

So much for the longest key on the bunch. Now for the shortest, the Watch-key. Some people say we should not carry watch-keys in our pockets because they get full of dust and this drops into the watch when it is being wound up, and stops it. However, here it is on this bunch and we call it the key of Hope. Do you know why? Every night, just as my watch is getting tired of going round and round, and begins to think of giving up, this little key winds the spring, puts new life into it, and sends it on at full speed for another twenty-four hours. And that is just what Hope does. When we are tired and cross, and inclined to give up a thing because we are not getting on, Hope will come in and wind us up for a little longer.

Then the third key is not on my bunch, for I am not a professional burglar, and this key generally belong to those men who live by robbing other people. It is called a 'Skeleton-key,' and will open almost any lock; and although it is generally used for bad purposes, it teaches us a very good lesson. For we will call this key the Key of Love. Love can open any heart, even the hardest; it fits any lock. If we have enemies, or if we cannot get on with some of our friends at school, let us try loving them, being kind to them, helping them. We shall be surprised to see what a difference it will make. But we cannot love other boys and girls properly until we have first learned to love Jesus.

These, then, are our three keys—Faith, Hope, Love. And do you see the ring on which they all hang, and which keeps them together, a ring that goes round and round and round, and has no beginning or end? That ring is Jesus Christ, 'the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.' Faith in Jesus, Hope through Jesus, and Love for Jesus are the three keys that will open the Kingdom of Heaven to us. I have we shall have them on our ring—G. H. K., in 'Children's Friend.'

A Gift.

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, still cold
And hungry as before.

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine
He found himself a man, supreme, divine,
Bold, clothed and crowned with blessings manifold.
And now he begs no more.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Elsie's Aptitude

(By Isabella M. Andrews, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Pretty Kitty Kenyon, with a bag of books in one hand and a box of candy in the other, ran through the halls of one of the 'overflow' dormitories of Finlay College one bright October day, gave a peculiar knock at several carefully selected doors, tossed among the peaceful occupants a bombshell in the startling announcement, 'Council of War in Sparrow's Nest, two o'clock, sharp!' and vanished amid a shower of questions, exclamations, reproaches, and appeals for candy.

It was half-past one then, and two o'clock saw half a dozen girls, respectfully curious over Elsie Sparrows' reddened eyes, assembled for the council, Kitty presiding with great dignity.

'You have been called together, ladies,' she began, impressively, 'for purposes of consultation and aid in a most trying case. Oh, girls,' she went on, and this was as long as Kitty's dignity usually lasted, 'Elsie's father has lost all his money, and she thinks she will have to leave college! Now, the question is, Aren't any of us bright enough to think of any way she can earn some money and stay?'

There were cries of sympathy and distress all around the room, and Elsie, with tears flowing again, and Mary and Mabel and Edith and Alice and Kitty and Gertrude all besieging her with questions and commiseration, began to feel some consolation for her troubles in the importance they brought her.

'It isn't as if I could do anything great and glorious to help things out at home,' she said, at length. 'If I could, I wouldn't mind leaving college so much; but Grace is at home, and mamma is going to send our old Ellen away—and she's been with us ever since I can remember, and mamma and Grace are going to get on alone. So I'm not really needed. Mamma and papa hate dreadfully to take me out of college when I'm so nearly through, but mamma says they don't feel as if they could spare the money for my expenses this year, though it seems to me that my leaving now only postpones the time when I could help myself, and so help them—unless I could get a school now, which is unlikely; and my tuition paid through the first half, too!'

'"No tuition will be refunded after a student has actually entered college,"' said Gertrude Miller, gloomily, quoting from the catalogue. '"Each student will provide herself with four sheets, two pairs of pillow-cases, six towels, one napkin-ring, etc." I hope your things will be refunded to you, Elsie.'

'She isn't gone yet,' said Kitty, hopefully. 'Go on, Elsie. Real ladies will not interrupt. All others requested not to.'

'Well, girls, you can imagine I was perfectly crushed when the letter came,' continued Elsie, obediently, 'and I had no idea of doing anything but packing my trunk and going home—'

'And leave us!' 'And leave the class of '95!' 'Oh, Elsie!' chorused the various sopranos, regardless of Kitty's threatening eye.

'But Kitty said, couldn't I stay if I could pay my own expenses, and I said I supposed I could, if I could write a book or marry a lord, which would be better. But she thought those were both impracticable; and, if I can only stay and graduate, I know I can teach next year. So that's what Kitty called you in for.'

LITTLE RUSSIANS

'What?' came the soprano chorus.

'Why, to see how she could pay her own expenses, of course,' explained Kitty, briskly. 'Aren't we always reading about some wonderful creature that takes herself or himself through college by tutoring, or typewriting, or sawing wood, or some such way? Can't we fight it out on this line? Aren't we just as good as girls in a book or a newspaper paragraph? There must be something Elsie can do. All we need is to find it out.'

'I read once of a girl that went through Vassar by mending and sewing for other girls,' suggested Mabel Ransom, hesitatingly.

Even Elsie joined in the general laugh, and said, 'That's very helpful to a poor incompetent who can barely sew on a shoe-button, and who quails in abject despair before a three-cornered tear. Try again, somebody. My spirits are sinking every minute, and what I'm really thinking of is the exact location of my trunk key.'

'Well, is there anything you can do, Elsie?' persisted Mabel, undauntedly. 'Because—'

'That isn't the way to begin,' exclaimed Kitty, with sudden inspiration. 'Let's take all the occupations we can possibly think of in alphabetical order, and see which one she fits. Of course there is something she can do, Mabel. Don't be so discouraging. A stands for architect—at least it did on my blocks. Elsie, can you build?'

'I did decide to be a carpenter once when I was a little girl,' said Elsie, rather forlornly, 'and I made a chicken-coop, but it wouldn't hold chickens, and I gave it up. Try B.'

'B,' meditated Kitty. 'B' stands for—' 'Boating,' 'Banking,' came one or two faint voices.

'Begging,' added Elsie, ironically, shaking her head at each. And Kitty, though she saw her plan, which had seemed so feasible a moment ago, in danger of ignominious failure, went courageously on. 'C,' she announced, persuasively. 'What begins with C, girls?'

'Carpentering, just disposed of,' answered Elsie, promptly, 'china-painting, candles, castors, curry, clerking cycling personal conducting, chicken-raising. Anything else, girls? Pass on, Kitty. I can't make or do any of those.'

'Dancing,' suggested Alice Tyrrell, hopefully. 'You could teach that, Elsie, couldn't you?'

'Certainly,' returned Elsie, 'if I knew of anybody that wanted to learn; but as all the girls know as much about it as I do, if not more, and as there are two classes for children in town, I'm afraid the field is full.'

'My mind won't work alphabetically,' said Edith Caldwell. 'I haven't thought of anything but singing and sweeping and teaching and tinkering and painting and tutoring and weaving and fruit-raising, and other thing at the tail-end of the alphabet. I

move we proceed to miscellaneous suggestions.'

'What geese we all are,' broke in Mary Maynard, eagerly. 'Doesn't B stand for boiling and brewing and baking, and C for cooking and candy and catering and cake and cookies and chocolate, and don't we all know that Elsie is a born genius in all that kind of thing? Aren't her spreads always more magnificent than anybody's else, and doesn't she always make everything herself, and does anything eatable or drinkable ever dare to fail under her magic touch? And isn't she an authority on all such? Hear how the subject inspires me, girls! Elsie, be the college caterer, do! I'm sure there are plenty of spreads all through the year that the girls would be glad to be relieved of if the city caterers weren't so expensive.'

'Glorious!' 'Just the thing!' 'Bravo!' from everybody at once. 'How lucky you room alone, Elsie!' added Kitty. 'You can mess all you like, with nobody to smell, taste, touch, see, or hear.'

'Or weigh,' added Mary, mischievously. 'You know Professor Sears claims that for the sixth sense.'

'I should think Mrs. Banks might let you use her summer kitchen and gas stove,' said Mabel. 'That would be independent and convenient and economical and generally millennial.'

Elsie still looked doubtful. 'Do you really think I could make anything at it?' she said, hesitatingly. 'I know I can do all those things. It's my one gift; but there doesn't seem to be the usual "long-felt want."

'Oh, yes, there is,' said Mary, positively. 'I'm chairman of the refreshment committee for the freshman spread, and every single girl on that committee has privately groaned to me that she didn't see how she could find a minute to give it. I'll call that committee together to-morrow morning, and I'm sure it will be the greatest relief in the world to put the whole thing into your hands if you will take it.'

'It happens just right, too,' Mary hurried on, 'for we can make this your début, Elsie dear, and I prophesy that orders will pour in upon you. Frances Cox has a little "At Home" the week after for those friends of hers that came this year, and you know she has loads of money and hates to work. And then there's the senior reception to the sophomores, and by and by the freshman reception to the classes that have entertained them, and any number of little ones coming along all the time. And think of commencement! Oh, yes, my dear! Your fortune is made. "The path of glory leads" —no, that isn't what I mean—'

'"Victory calls you; on, be ready!"' quoted Mabel.

'Yes, that's it. Anyhow, you'll go down to fame along with the boys and girls that have tutored and sewn and mended and sawed themselves through college. I see myself telling the tale of your prowess to my grandchildren, and adding, with humble pride, "I knew her!"'

'Five minutes to three, girls,' announced Kitty. 'Just time to get to our three o'clock classes. Good-bye, Elsie. I've got to scramble a lot of things together for my science report. By-by, girls. We'll all celebrate unconsciously on this great matter, and bring it through with flying colors.'

Elsie lay awake nights planning the freshman spread. It was a great success, though quite as simple as the college spreads usually were; but it was full of novelties and surprises, for Elsie was a born genius, as Mary had said. And the dainty courses succeeded each other like clock-work, while the entertainers were fresh and unwearied for the real task of getting acquainted with the 'new girls.'

Elsie had furnished everything, had gone early and made the necessary arrangements in the private home that had been kindly offered for the evening, had instructed the house servant, and privately posted one or two friends in her secret how to keep the ball rolling, and was herself in the kitchen with her hand on the pulse of the party, although the party knew it not. Then, Chairman Mary, full of unselfish enthusiasm, told the girls all about it while they were congratulating her on her success, and Elsie's début could not have been more auspicious.

She had asked five dollars for her services over and above the cost of her materials, and she paid her rent and coal bills with more real satisfaction than she had ever felt before in her life. Then, to her surprise and delight—for she had been incredulous—orders began to come. Many of them were small, for very few of the college girls were rich; but every little helped, and her father and mother, sympathizing with her brave efforts to help herself, managed to pay her tuition for the second half year.

Then one of the professors' wives engaged her help for a series of afternoon receptions, and one or two others did the same, for Elsie had been a great favorite, and the girls generously trumpeted her fame in season and out of season. By and by she found herself the fashion, and was as busy and happy and important as could be.

She began to enlarge her scale of work, arranged decorations and souvenirs, hired extra dishes, and, in short, troubled the hostess for nothing but the number of her guests. Mrs. Banks gave her the use of her summer kitchen and gas stove, as Mabel had suggested, and shared Elsie's prosperity, for she made delicious cake, and through Elsie's influence received many an order for it. And when Elsie engaged her little girl to run on errands and assist her generally, the good woman's joy over the addition to her scanty income was complete.

After commencement was over and the books were balanced, Elsie found that she had paid for her board, books, the dreaded 'sundries,' and a few clothes, and had needed to ask for very little help from home. Her class standing was not so high as it would otherwise have been, but she had gained ten pounds in weight, besides an incalculable amount of experience and a 'priceless pointer on her province,' as she elegantly put it, when, the night before they all parted, she entertained in her grandest style the girls who had taken counsel together in the Sparrow's Nest the October before.

Mary, as the happy originator of the plan, sat in the place of honor; and when Katie Banks, gorgeous to behold in cap and apron, had brought the coffee and finally disappeared, Elsie made her maiden speech.

'I can never thank you enough, girls,' she said. 'I couldn't have done it except for your help, both in starting it and supporting it; and now I want to tell you what it has led to, which is nothing more nor less than an entire change of my plans for the next year and the future. Mrs. Howard, who gave me my first catering outside of the class work, has been talking to me, and says I have a special gift for this sort of thing and I ought to cultivate it, and the small voice within me says she is right. My mind always misgave me about teaching, and I do feel myself absolute mistress of "vittles," as Ellen says. Only it seemed so common I never thought of it before as my talent.

'But I am going to throw conventionality to the winds and follow Mrs. Howard's advice. I have been taking special work in the chemistry of food this semester, and I am going to work and study by myself all summer and take a course in one of the city cooking-schools, and next year I am to set sail for myself as caterer and decorator! Mrs. Howard has always lived in the city, and has a great many friends there, and says she knows there is an opening all ready for me.

'Of course I can come out here, too, and I shall hope to keep my patrons here. So there's my long-dreamed-of career cut and dried! Now wish me luck before we say good-bye, and be sure to remember me when you are preparing for your weddings and wakes!'

Success came none too quickly nor too easily, but it came. And perhaps the best success lay not in the career itself, but in the lesson it taught her, that if she couldn't do a thing in one way she could in another; that a special talent is too precious a sign of the niche we are meant to fill to be lightly disregarded; and that, in good old Herbert's words:

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine.

The Mind Staid on Christ.

Let the mind be in Christ's keeping and under his control. Let all our thought be gathered up and brought into captivity to the obedience of him. Let the man be trained to think according to the eternal principles of love and truth and righteousness and purity which Jesus taught.

Let us learn to think Christ's thoughts and bring all our opinions to this test: What would Jesus think about it? Let this be the prayer: If my imagination pictures any impurity, O Lord, efface it instantly! If my thoughts are wayward, wandering from the path of right, Lord Jesus, bring them back! If they attempt to fly beyond their proper sphere, O, clip their wings! If they are bent on mischief, turn them aside! Hold them in complete subjection to thyself! May they be illumined by thy light, seasoned by thy grace, sweetened by thy love, and sanctified by thy Spirit!—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Love in the Heart Makes Home.

Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,
'A wonder,' we say, and the wonder grows,
Pressed round by a soft, plump breast,
With a leaf looped low 'gainst a rainy day—
So the bird has fashioned her nest,
As we study the curious thing,
'Twas love in the heart
That prompted the art,
And sped the untiring wing.

Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,
But the future looks rosy and bright;
With a bit put by for a rainy day,
Love makes every burden light.
'A wonder,' we say, and the wonder grows,
Or sunshine or storms may come,
Though but twigs and moss
Are latticed across,
The love in the heart makes home.
—Julia M. Klinck, in 'New York Despatch.'

There are some people who think that sermon is the best which misses them and hits all their neighbors.—'Ram's Horn.'

Charlie's Book.

'Mother,' said little Charlie, 'Will Harnin says that his mother writes books. Is it very hard to write a book?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' said his mother.

'I'm going to write a book,' said this small man.

Just then the door bell rang and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back he was seated on her footstool busily writing.

'Now, mother,' said Charlie, 'I'm done with my book.'

'No, you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope that it is a long one, full of beautiful stories.'

'What is the name of my book?' he asked.

'Its name is "Charlie's Life," You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother and keep a bright face and don't quarrel with Robbie, that makes a nice fair page, with pretty pictures on it.'

'When shall I be done writing that book?' asked Charlie.

'When God sees that it is long enough he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read.'

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly, 'Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the little white casket and laid the white roses over her.'

'Yes,' said his mother; 'her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them.'—'Zion's Watchman.'

DRAWING LESSON.

Marlin's Sermon to Aunt Meme.

(By Amelia Wilder.)

Marlin called her Aunt Meme. So shall I.

She was not too old to love birds and bright things and little children; but she was old enough to have gray hair, and sometimes she wore glasses.

Some people thought that so much trouble had helped to turn her hair from dark brown to gray so soon. There certainly had been many dark sad days in her life. But you know, children, that the darkness is safe when you are with Jesus.

One sad thing in Aunt Meme's life was the losing of her home. But God put it into the hearts of Marlin's parents to give her a place in their nice home, and so she often stayed alone with him. And whenever she looked sad Marlin would notice it and would come close to her and say, 'Aunt Meme, I love you.'

So of course she loved the tender-hearted little boy very much. He was only three years old, but he loved Bible stories, which his mamma often read to him.

One evening when they were alone Marlin preached a little sermon to Aunt Meme. Of course he did not know it, but Aunt Meme did, and it helped her to be more trustful.

This is what he said as he crept up into her lap, and put his face close to hers:—

'It's growing dark, Aunt Meme, but you needn't be 'fraid, 'cause God makes the dark so we can sleep good. But I don't want to go to sleep now; I want to wait till my papa comes home. See the pretty stars. Aunt Meme, and that elgenit moon!' (He meant to say elegant.) 'God made them for me too, so my papa can see the way home to his little boy. I love God.'

Marlin's sermon came to a sudden ending, for he heard his papa's step on the porch, and he went flying to meet him as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

And Aunt Meme thought of his sermon a long time and said to herself:—

'Even little children who love

God can be a help and comfort to others.'

Your Tongs.

Have you a fireplace in your house? Where did the tongs come from?

Well, the first they knew of themselves, they lived in the middle of a big mountain, in the dark and out of the air.

One day they heard a great noise

and then saw the light. Workmen were breaking through to get the iron they were made of.

But iron isn't tongs any more than babies with long clothes are young men with black hats.

The next thing the tongs remember is that they were pushed and lifted from the mountains by a great bucket that went up, up, till they were dumped out in the broad sunlight. Animals with two legs (men) tossed them round, and then animals with four legs (horses) dragged them off in a cart to a great fire.

They were roasted and melted till they ran out of the fire and cooled into iron.

Then a man bought the iron and heated and pounded and filed and cleaned our poor tongs until they were ready for your fireplace. You see, they had been through a good deal.

Well, boys and girls go through a good deal till they are changed from little children to grown-ups.

The Blind Child.

Bishop Lyle says the happiest child he ever knew was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind. She had never seen the sun or moon or grass or flowers or trees or birds, or any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands that the bishop had seen. She was journeying on the railway, this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her—not a friend nor relative to take care of her—yet, though totally blind she was quite happy and contented.

'Tell me,' she said to some one near by, 'how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind and can see nothing.' And she was kindly told.

'Are you not afraid to travel alone?' asked a gentleman.

'No,' she replied, 'I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always good to me.'

'But tell me,' said the bishop, 'why you are so happy?'

'I love Jesus, and He loves me. I sought Jesus, and I found Him,' was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and soon found that she knew a great deal about it.

'And how did you learn so much of the Bible?' he asked.

'My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could,' she said.

'And what part of the Bible do you like the best?' asked the bishop.

'I like the story of Christ's life in the gospels,' she said; 'but what I like best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation.'

Having a Bible with him, the bishop read these three chapters to her as the train dashed swiftly along. —English Paper.

What it Will be Like.

'Mother,' said Johnny, as he saw a child's funeral go by with the white casket and white hearse, 'I would be afraid to die. I know that Jesus is going to save me in heaven, because I have trusted him —and he says he will; but it will be so awfully strange and queer to be up there among angels and archangels and cherubim.'

'It will be like that night that you went to sleep on the train,' said his mother, 'when your father carried you into Union Station without waking you up; after a while you opened your eyes and looked around; you had never seen anything like it before; the great high roof was filled with electric lights, the noise of trains was in your ears; hundreds of people were passing this way and that, and a look of wild terror came into your eyes. Just then you looked up into my face, and I smiled at you; right away your were satisfied. Where mother was, and where you could see her smile, was a good place to be, and you smiled back.

'Where you will open your eyes upon the glories of heaven, I do not know; what they will be like, I do not know; but I do know that you will see your Saviour's smile, and it will make you glad to be there!'—'Waif.'

Three Little Maids from School.

We're three little maids from school;
We try to obey the rule—
To work while we work, and no lessons to shirk,
We three little maids from school.

But when we come out of school,
We try to obey the rule—
To play while we play, so happy and gay,
We three little maids from school.

Mamma says it's a very good rule
For all little maids at school
To be busy as bees, their teacher to please,
And never to try other maidens to tease,
But always remember the Lord Jesus sees
All we do both at home and at school.

—'Our Little Dots.'

Bees don't care about the snow;
I can tell you why that's so;
Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me!
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 23.

A New Heaven and a New Earth.

Revelation xxi., 1-7; 22-27. Memory verses, 3, 4, 27. Read Rev. xxi., and xxii.

(May be used as a Temperance Lesson.)

Golden Text.

'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.'—Rev. xxi., 7.

Lesson Text.

(1) And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. (2) And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. (3) And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. (4) And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. (5) And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. (6) And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. (7) He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. (22) And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. (23) And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. (24) And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. (25) And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. (26) And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. (27) And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Notes.')

The Heavenly City.—Vs. 1-3. I. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. The word here translated new means merely renovated. There could be no heavenly joy with this old earth unchanged, but there are more ways than one of making it new. Take sin out of it, and it would be new enough with no further transformation. Give us new eyes, free from the clogs of earthliness, and there would straightway be new heavens, though every constellation remained what it now is.

The Temperance Lesson.—How it would renew the earth simply to abolish the use of strong drink! The saloon fills most jails, almshouses, and asylums, and is responsible for more poverty than all other causes put together.

For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.—Astronomy and geology have come to prove, literally, what was revealed to John supernaturally. They show us that everything in this apparently solid universe is flowing and transient. The earth's inner fires will die and the oceans will sink downward as the earth cools, leaving a cracked, lifeless globe like the moon. The sun will lose its heat and light, as thousands of suns have already. The 'fixed stars' are not fixed, but are dashing through space at giddy velocities. The heavens and earth are passing away. And there was no more sea.—'We cannot be sure that this is to be taken literally; we hear of a river in the next chapter, and a perennial stream implies an abundant reservoir of water somewhere.'—Simcox. 'This is no geography lesson.'—Gibson. Of course, it is a symbol. Lovers of the sea's beauty and grandeur, the charm of its everchanging aspects, may be sure that they will not be absent from the next world. But what did the sea mean to John? It signified persecution and fear and dread, loneliness and sorrow and isolation. To all men it signifies separation, storms, drowning, constant change. These shall be no more. Not that they are to exist and we be kept out of them, but they are to be abolished forever. Daniel in his vision, as John in his, saw the great beast, signifying the fierce, determined, persecuting wickedness of the world, rise out of the sea. 'There shall be no more such sea.'—Cowles.

And there shall be no more death.—This means not merely that no more shall die, but that death itself will be dead. Think how much on earth is cut short by death, how many tears and sorrows it causes; and in heaven what plans we can form, what leisureliness will be there, what time for achievement! And spiritual death, which is a far worse hindrance to work than physical death—that also will be gone.

Neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.—It is easy to see why the least sin must be shut out from heaven; pain would enter with it. Pain is needed in this world to show us the evil of sin, to arouse our sympathy with others, to test and strengthen our characters, to force us to progress. None of these needs exist in heaven.

And he said unto me, It is done.—'Ages of agony to make man new! only a word to make all things new!'—F. Munro Gibson, D.D. 'It is finished,' cried our Saviour on the cross. That was the beginning of the new heaven and earth; this is the completion. Does it mean that in heaven there is to be no more progress? Surely not. Then only will the first essentials of lasting progress be realized. Christ's 'It is finished' proved the beginning of the best progress the world had known; will this 'It is done.' Builders estimate that for a great modern office building at least half of the time of building will be spent in getting a good foundation. That is what will be done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. It is a living, loving Person who is the beginning and the end; the universe does not come up against a blank, dead wall. Such a beginning is assurance of all noble endings; such an end is the beginning of all joy and triumph. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. What is the water of life? All that makes life worth living. Why is it called a fountain? Because it is constantly filling itself. Who will give it? Christ, and nothing else and no one else; not wealth nor knowledge nor power nor beauty; not Socrates nor Plato nor Shakespeare nor Emerson. To whom will he give it? (1) To those that go to the fountain: you cannot drink at a distance. (2) To those that are thirsty. 'You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink.' It would not be possible to widen the invitation. On what terms is it given? (1) At no cost to us: 'without money and without price.' Indeed, what have we to pay with? (2) But at great cost to the giver. 'Jesus paid it all.' Christ never gives spiritual life automatically, unconsciously. Even in giving physical health he 'perceived that power had gone forth.' (Mark v., 30.)

The Temperance Lesson.—Alcoholic drinks, sometimes called aqua vitae, 'water of life,' are really the wine of death. Whatever the true water of life can do to bless, the opposites of these things strong drink does to curse.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things ('these things,' in the R. V.,—the new heavens and earth just created). This saying 'carries our thoughts to the promises at the beginning of the book (ii., 7, etc.). There is perhaps some significance in the Father thus taking up and repeating the language of the Son.'—Simcox. The thirst and the overcoming seem to belong together. Our desire for heavenly things will lead us to overcome the desire for earthly things and all kinds of earthly hindrances. Nevertheless, though we overcome a few things, we do not earn all things: we inherit them. All is of God's grace.

The Temperance Lesson.—He that overcometh has in it hope even for the drunkard, who has more than most of us to overcome—a temptation so subtle and masterful that it has conquered the clearest heads and strongest wills. But heaven is made up of men who have had to struggle, and the history of every gospel mission proves that Christ can destroy the terrible desire for liquor, even when the 'gold cure' fails.

And I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—To say that we shall be God's sons is the same thing as saying that we shall inherit all things. If a king were your father, you would not worry about your bread and butter. 'But,' it may be asked, 'is not God the God of the sinner also?' Certainly, but with what a difference! To one man the atmosphere is a zephyr, and to another a terrible cyclone; yet it is the same atmosphere.

Christ the light of the world.—I. He is the light of hope for sinners. He is the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings for them.

2. He is the light for all dark lives. Christianity has let the sunlight into the black dungeon of the prisoner. It has destroyed slavery. It has founded innumerable hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the poor.

3. He is the light of knowledge. Science flourishes alone in Christian lands. Public schools are an outgrowth of Christianity. If it were not for Christ, the world would still be in the dark ages.

4. He is the light of political freedom, for free government exists only in Christian lands.

5. He is the torch of civilization, the herald of commerce, binding the world together with a brotherly exchange of products.

6. He is the light of missions, penetrating all dark continents, and bringing them freely all the blessings of the most favored countries.

And the nations ('of them which are saved' omitted from the R. V.) shall walk in the light of it. John did not see merely one great city, but a wide, beautiful world, with the new Jerusalem for its capital. And the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. We are all 'kings and priests unto God'; this promise is for us as well as for those that wear a crown. For humanity has a glory, it seems, in heaven as well as on earth. 'No one, indeed, was ever a righteous ruler of himself or of others without gaining some glory to contribute to heaven. What an incentive, to think that our true living can help to illuminate the Celestial City!

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day.—The gates of an ancient city were shut to keep out what was harmful, robbers and enemies in war, but heaven has no such need. 'Thieves do not break through and steal' there, and war will be ended. For there shall be no night there. Remember, John is speaking in the language of symbols. We are not to understand that heaven will be without the beauty of the night, the splendor of stars, the soft curtain of darkness, the loveliness of the moonlight, or what will answer to these charms. But there will be none of the terrors of our nights, the fears of unseen dangers, the increased sickness and death. And in heaven, too, there will not be the worst night of all, the night of the soul. 'The tombstone of a sweet girl blind from her birth, bears this inscription, "There is no night there."'—Biblical Museum.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.—There is, then, an earthly glory that is recognized in heaven, but it will be very different from the glory commonly recognized on earth. The glory

of a Napoleon could not enter there, except so far as it sprung from wise government and a cultivation of the arts. What a touchstone is the thought of heaven! Try upon it the gold of all your ambitions, and see how many will pass the celestial assay.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.—The lie seems to be the climax of defilement and abomination, and, indeed, it is. Until we are honest with ourselves and others and God, we cannot hope for a good conscience, a firm character, or salvation.

The Temperance Lesson.—Of course, since whatever defiles and works abomination is shut out from heaven, no drunkard can enter there, (I. Cor. vi., 10). This will not seem unreasonable even to a drunkard; he knows himself, even on earth, to be in a self-made hell, and without a transformation of character heaven itself would have no attraction for him.

A Picture of Heaven.—'A city through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb; a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings.'—Guthrie.

'"My chief conception of heaven," said Robert Hall to Wilberforce, "is rest." "Mine," replied Wilberforce, "is love." Perhaps both conceptions are true.'—Biblical Museum.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 23.—Topic—How temperance would help transform the earth.—Rev. xxi., 1-7. (Temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE.

Mon., June 17.—Wine is a mocker.—Prov. xxiii., 29, 30.

Tues., June 18.—Intemperance brings poverty.—Prov. xxi., 17.

Wed., June 19.—It weakens the heart.—Luke xxi., 34.

Thu., June 20.—The last state the worst.—Prov. xxiii., 32.

Fri., June 21.—Add to knowledge temperance.—II. Pet. i., 6.

Sat., June 22.—Temperance breaks no law.—Gal. v., 23.

Sun., June 23.—Topic—Temperance facts and truths.—I. Cor. ix., 24-27.

The Temperance Sunday-School Lessons.

(By Amos R. Wells, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Intemperance is the church's greatest foe. No Sunday-school lessons are more important than those devoted to this great theme, and none can be more interesting. And yet to many a teacher they are bugbears. To these four lessons, one-twelfth of the whole, they go with dull hearts. They do wish the lesson committee would leave them out of the list. What is the trouble? There is no life back of the lesson. They have 'got up' their lesson as best they can; but a lesson is not got up, it grows up. They do not know enough about the temperance reform to be interested in it. No information, no inspiration.

So multiform, however, are the phases of this topic, that, to avoid confusion and leave clear impressions, every temperance lesson should have a specialty. Let me indicate a few of the many possible themes.

A Bible Search.—Spend an hour hunting out everything the Bible contains upon temperance. The scholars will read these passages aloud. Some verses they will repeat from memory. They will mark them with colored pencils in their Bibles. They will discover the central thought in each reference and write it on the blackboard, thus building up a compact summary. This exercise has an air of finality that will please the scholars.

A Biographical Lesson.—Let everything cluster around some great leader in the temperance reform. Select John B. Gough, Miss Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, Father Mathew, Francis Murphy. There is material enough for a lifetime of teaching. Get as many scholars as possible to read beforehand in the encyclopaedia a short account of the chosen life. One of the class may write a five-minute essay upon the hero or heroine. Characteristic anecdotes concerning him may be distributed among the scholars for each to relate. If the class during the hour can really make the acquaintance of a great reformer, it will be vast gain. Another most profitable kind of biographical meeting may be based not upon single lives, but upon a group of lives, such as 'Bible Heroes of Temperance,' or 'Some Noble Lives Spoiled by Intemperance.'

A Map Lesson.—Few things condense, combine, and clarify bits of information like a map, provided you can put your information upon it. A map may be utilized in a temperance lesson in two good ways. If you are in a city, draw the streets of some section, or the entire city, if possible. Send your scholars out along all streets, dividing them up, and have them count the saloons in each block, locating also the churches and schoolhouses. I suppose, of course, that your scholars are of suitable age for this work. Next Sunday, as they report, put a black spot on the map for every saloon and blue spot for every church and schoolhouse.

Your map will point its own moral.

At another time draw a map of the United States, and give a graphic view of the temperance laws of the land, coloring the prohibition states one color, using a different color to designate the Massachusetts plan, the South Carolina plan, and so on.

A Statistics Lesson.—At this lesson distribute, for the scholars to read aloud, slips of paper containing temperance statistics—the number of saloons, of drunkards dying each day, and cost of strong drink compared with other expenditures, and the like. Get the class to cut strips of paper of various lengths, to represent graphically the comparative costs. Drill them in temperance arithmetic. Telling them the number of drunkards in the United States, ask how long a procession they would make, marching in single file one foot apart. Giving them the cost of liquor expenditure for a year, have them measure a pile of silver dollars and calculate how tall a pile would equal the annual cost of drink.

Boys and Tobacco.

When a boy finds out why policemen, car-conductors, motormen, clerks, etc., are not allowed to smoke when on duty, he has found an all-sufficient reason for never touching tobacco.

The Government of the United States of America prohibits the use of the cigarette at West Point and Annapolis on sanitary and moral grounds. Many colleges prohibit its use.

Professor Anderson, physical director at Yale College, says that 'if a boy was known to smoke a single cigarette during the year, he would not be allowed on the boating team at Yale or Harvard.'

The cigarette is made, in most cases, of drugged tobacco. Opium is the chief drug used, a fact testified to by all who investigate. Cigarette smoking is another form of the opium habit.

Three times France has lowered the standard of height in her armies. Scientific men who have given the matter impartial investigation declare that the use of tobacco is one of the chief causes.

It has been proved beyond question that some brands of cigarettes contain a great deal of opium, while the wrapper warranted to be rice paper, is only common paper whitened with arsenic.

The cigarette habit is formed often before the child reaches the seventh grade. And in the primary grade is none too soon to commence this teaching, throwing the safeguard of truth around them from the first. —'Pacific Ensign.'

Correspondence

Manitowaning.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for about three years, and we all like it. I have three pets, one calf, its name is Midget, and a cat named Blondy, and a dog named Fan. I have one sister and one brother. We have six cows and three horses. I go to school in the summer time and my teacher's name is Miss Johnson.

LUCY V. (Aged 10.)

Breadalbane, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in Sunday-school. I live on a farm. I have one sister and two brothers, and two cousins living with us, a girl and a boy. My sister has a pet dog. His name is Sport. We all go to Sunday-school. My teacher is very nice. I wonder if any person has a birthday the same as mine, May 29. JEANETTE. (Aged 10.)

Skipness, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother, he will soon be two years old. His birthday is on June 30. I have no sisters. My birthday is on July 8. I am a little girl six years old. I have one horse and one cow. I go to school every day and I like my teacher very much. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. FLORENCE W.

Proton Station.

Dear Editor,—My father keeps a store and a post-office in Proton Station. I go to a day-school and I am in the senior second class. I have two sisters and a little white pony. The pony's name is Jinnie.

FRED. F. (Aged 8.)

Oak Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—As I never saw any letters from this part of Manitoba I thought I would write to you. My grandma sent me the 'Messenger' at Christmas and I like it very much. My two brothers and I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. I have two little sisters.

HATTIE M. S. (Aged 11.)

Proton Station.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and one sister. I and my brother go to school and Sunday-school. I have taken the 'Messenger' two years, and like it very much.

CECIL B. (Aged 8.)

Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter for the first time. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school and I like to read the Correspondence very much. My Sunday-school teacher is very nice. I have a pet cat and a pet canary. I have two brothers and no sister.

NELLIE J. (Aged 11.)

Pasqua, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and I am in the fourth reader. I live on a farm and father is a farmer. We have four cows and nine horses and two ponies. We drive the ponies in the buggy. They are very quiet. I have a little sister two years old. Her name is Tessie. She can talk quite plainly. For pets I have a black cat, his name is Nigger, and Tessie has a white one named Dick. I go to church and Sunday-school regularly, and get the 'Messenger.' I like it and would not be without it for anything. ETTA A. (Aged 12.)

Milltown, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I never saw a letter from here yet, so I thought I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Malcolm McKenzie, and my teacher's name is Miss Jane Bruce. I go to school every day. I am in the fifth book. My teacher's name is Miss Sarah McDonald. I have three brothers living and five dead. I have no sisters. I wonder if any of the little boys or girls have the same birthday as mine, Jan. 8. I am ten years old. A. M. P.

HOUSEHOLD.

These Ought Ye to Have Done

Little Mrs. Marshall was completely tired out. The weather was so hot, so many of her fellow-workers were away from home, there was so much to be done that she had been on the 'go' from ten o'clock Monday morning till the present time—three o'clock Thursday afternoon—that she was conscious of absolute exhaustion. She had a raging nervous headache, but she must preside at the Women's Club that evening, and had come to her darkened room, seeking a little rest in the meantime.

But try as she would, sleep would not come. The active mind quickened unusually by the throbbing pain, recalled all the week's work. First had come the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Fresh Air Fund. Mrs. Marshall, being chairman, of course, must be present. Then the Russian Mission superintendent had urged the ladies of the church to meet and discuss plans regarding the continuance of this work among the miners in a neighboring village. The Women's Christian Temperance Union held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. Marshall was appointed one of a committee to secure signatures to a new petition urging the City Council to close two saloons dangerously near to a public school. The work must be done at once, and Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning were taken up by it. The missionary meeting came on Wednesday afternoon, the prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, the Society for the Propagation of Social Purity met on Thursday at one o'clock. She had attended them all, and to-night the Women's Club would discuss 'The Social Settlement as a Means of Uplifting the Masses.'

Mrs. Marshall's paper was ready, but oh! her poor aching head! She turned over with a groan. She hoped the children were in no danger, but no! she could hear them singing.

And then all grew indistinct for a little, but finally the singing grew louder and clearer. The throng that swept along was a strange one to Mrs. Marshall, who could not recall exactly where or how she had joined it. But ah! there was a face she knew indistinctly and here was another and there was a third. They seemed to crowd around her, black and white, Chinese, Hindoos, Hottentots, Europeans of almost every nationality, but all children. In the midst of her wonderment they all swept up to a great white throne, and she knew him that sat thereon and bowed herself before him.

'Lord,' she said, for something in the quiet gaze compelled her to speak, 'Lord, here am I, and those whom thou hast given me in answer to my prayers and work.'

And the Lord looked searchingly over the throng, and spoke gently, but piercingly:

'But those that I gave for thy very own—Maggie and Lulu, Willie and Neddie, and little Grace—where are they?'

Terrified, she cast her eyes about her and could see none of her own children, except little Grace, but when she attempted to draw the child forward, Grace clung to the hand of her Sabbath-school teacher.

'I can't, mamma,' she said, pleadingly, 'I must stay with Miss Taylor; she brought me here.'

The distracted mother turned again toward the throne.

'Lord, are my own children not here? Will they not be here? Thou knowest I meant not to slight my own, the best-beloved of all. Thou knowest how hard I have worked for thee, and through my instrumentality lo! all these have come to thee.'

'But those that I put directly under thy care to be trained for me. What hast thou done with them? These ought ye to have done, but not to have left the other undone.'

Lifting herself up and glancing around, Mrs. Marshall caught sight of Jamie Allen, her Neddie's bosom friend.

'Oh, Jamie,' she cried, chokingly, 'where is Neddie?'

And the boy could not bear to look upon the anguish of her face, but sought to comfort her. 'I belonged to your Boys' Temperance Brigade, Mrs. Marshall, don't you remember it? You saved me from being a drunkard.'

'But, Neddie! Lord, I cannot find my Neddie. Is he not here?'

And the Lord looking down pityingly, spoke softly.

'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, or worketh abomination,' and she fell upon her face weeping.

Then they brought forth a crown blazing with jewels, but there were five dim places. Catching sight of them she pushed away the angel, which held the glittering emblem, and extended her hands toward the great white throne.

'Give me a little longer, dear Lord,' she entreated, with streaming eyes, 'Let me go back again, just for a little while, that I may not return without my own children. What will the joy of heaven be to me, dear Lord, if these other children are all saved, and my own are lost?'

And crying, she awoke.

An hour afterward her husband coming home from work, met her on the stairs.

'Why, my dear,' looking at her searchingly, 'you've been crying.'

'I've been talking with the Lord,' she answered softly, 'and I have made him a promise to be a better wife to you, and a better mother to the children he has given us. I have been so much taken up with helping other people's families, that I'm afraid I've been neglecting my own. "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."'—Duneden 'Outlook.'

A Plea for Better Gardens.

If the many farmers who look upon garden work with so much disfavor, would only make their gardens rich, their feelings would undergo a change. The average garden is so poor and flat, that it does not get dry enough to work in it until the fields are ready to plough and at this time of year the work of fitting it for planting is grudgingly done. Now if it had been so ploughed in years past as to make a large bed of it, high in the middle so as to drain quickly, and then heavily manured every year, it would be in shape to plough almost a month earlier, before the rush of spring work came on. A good way is to plough deeply in the fall, and cover with good manure, let it lie till early spring, harrow thoroughly with a disc harrow and then plough again. A well drained garden thus manured will stand double cropping, and if managed rightly will be the most profitable spot on the farm. The vegetables will grow rapidly, and be crisp and tender. The man who grudgingly works among the puny plants in a poor, late garden, will work with zest in a rich one, where the plants are vieing with each other to see which shall grow the fastest. Another thing, plants in straight rows have an effect upon a man's enthusiasm out of all proportion to the extra effort required to make them so. I never saw a man with nice vegetables growing in straight rows, but what was enthusiastic and glad to have visitors inspect his garden. He likes to get out early in the morning to hoe in it. On the other hand a poor garden is always an eye-sore. In it nothing seems to flourish but weeds. The children shun it, and the boys hate it, and no wonder. It is hard to work, slow to dry off after a rain and not profitable anyway. Obvious as these facts are, a large majority of gardens are very poor and grow less than half what they should, and what is grown is of an inferior quality. —L. A. Stockwell, in 'Prairie Farmer.'

Conversion of Children.

I believe in the conversion of children. I believe that upon them—and likeliest upon them—the birth from above may fall. I believe that quickest of all the little child will adjust itself to this demand of the Lord Jesus for the new birth. More than that, I believe that so easily may a little child be molded, so facile is a little child to a rightly-directing touch, that a child may even unconsciously meet this demand of the Lord Jesus and almost from earliest consciousness, yielding its childhood to Christ as Lord and Master, grow up in Christ. Rightly asks another, 'What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign to show him, that you do not expect him truly to love and obey God until he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong? Nay, seek to turn the child Godward at the earliest moment and so forestall and prevent the years of inundating wrong.—Wayland Hoyt.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'